

Journal

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Summary: An Elite Guard becomes Christian...Author rates RC for Religious Content

Journal

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Prologue

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Dear Journal,

Well, here I am. A friend told Me I should try this. That it would help to sort out my thoughts. I'd like to start from the beginning.

I suppose I've been preparing for my life since I was four-years-old. But who knew where my life would lead. When a person is four-years-old, who would think that a common thing would have such a profound effect. I was enrolled in martial arts. I have now taken everything from Sho-to-kan karate (a hard style) to kung-fu (a soft style) to everything in between, even ninjitsu.

We moved a lot when I was little. My father was well-known in scientific circles. My mother was a beautiful ornament on his arm. Looking back she was perfect. Always seemingly happy. Always a clean house and well cooked meals. Always ready to entertain.

One thing my parents insisted on was going to church, even if I didn't think much of it at the time. When I was small, my parents made the mistake of allowing me to sleep during the worship service. I was small and didn't understand the pastors. I didn't have bad parents, they just didn't know how to be good teachers.

Finally, our last move. New York City! There I had joined, what I thought, was another big dojo. After a week of showing my natural talent, I was offered a deal to join a secret club, called The Foot. I was told that the leader of this syndicate was interested in me personally. They told me to call him Master Shredder.

I quickly rose in rank. Soon I was under Tatsu, Master Shredder's second in command. I enjoyed the luxury of being one of his top guys, an elite. We weren't afraid of anything. We stole everything from everyone. And if anyone got in our way, well, they didn't protest for long. Yet, it seemed a part of me was missing. It felt like something was wrong.

And then it happened! I went to church and was able to stay awake! I heard of this God that created and loved so much, He sent His only Sone to die for us, me! That without His forgiveness we, I, would end up in eternity without Him. This is what I was searching for! A meaning to my life!

There was one small problem: I could not live the way I had been. the lying, the cheating, the stealing, the killing. I had to stop. I was shown in the Bible that, "We are a new creation. Our old selves have passed away." Meaning that whatever was in the past, stays in the past. I did not relish what I had to do. I had to quit The Foot.

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> <div class="center"><h1>1.

I was ushered in to meet with Master Shredder. I bowed to one knee. "What is it, my elite?" Came the gruff voice.

"I need some time off."

"What for?"

"I need to clean out my apartment so I can be here full-time." I had hoped my lie wasn't obvious, for I had no intention of coming back.

"Granted, my elite" And with a wave of his hand, he dismissed me.

I arose and left his presence. _Whew, that wasn't so bad._

* * *

A few days later, on my way home from the convience store, I was suprised. I was surrounded by ten foot soldiers. "What are you doing?" I demanded.

"Master Shredder hasn't heard from you in a while. He was concerned."

"Well, you just tell him, I am doing fine."

They closed in on me. "Master Shredder wants you now."

"Sorry, but you'll have to tell him I'm dropping out."

"That is not acceptable."

I defended myself with a spinning kick, effectively keeping them at bay.

The next thing I heard was a chorus of "Cowabunga!"

I stood in amazement. It was nice to see the turtles fight without it being me they were beating up. With The Foot defeated, the turtles started to slip away. "Wait, " I cried. "I need your help."

"Been there, done that." A voice muttered. Was that Raphael or Michaelangelo?

"Seriously, I will be attacked again."

A turtle in a blue bandanna turned to face me. "What do you need from us?"

Thanks for your honor Leo, I thought. "I'm not sure. Can we go somewhere to talk?"

We went to the nearest building and stealthily made our way to the roof. I was a bit suprised that Michaelangelo had taken point, but not that Raphael brought up the rear.

"Ok, Let's get it over with." _Wryest satirism I've heard Raph._

"There was a reason I was attacked," I began. "I was once an elite of The Foot, but you have just witnessed my resignation." I held my breath, waiting.

"What's that mean to us?" Raphael's sarcasm again.

"I dun no, nothing I guess. I have had a change of heart and can not stay with the foot."

"Why not, dude?" The turtle in the orange bandanna spoke.

Good question, Michaelangelo. "I believe there is more to life than stealing for personal gain. I need more than that."

"Don't we all?" Raphael remarked.

Leonardo called for a turtle huddle. I could just imagine the type of conversation. "Donnie, you've been quiet. What do you think?"

"Well Leo, this could be a setup or he could be telling the truth."

"Decisive as always, Don." Raphael would snort.

"I think we should try him out." Micheaelangelo would sigh. "What if we kept him under survilliance?"

"Well, this could be true. They didn't seem to expect us, otherwise they would have been in greater number." Don would say.

"Maybe he's supposed to gain our confidence." Raph would continue to resist Don's ideas.

"Let's go for it!" Michaelangelo would exclaim. "I mean after all, if it is a trap, at least we will know what The Foot are up to."

"Always positive, eh, Mikey?" Raphael would retort.

The turtles came back to me. I silently prayed for their cooperation.

"Well dude, say what is your name?" Michaelangelo asked.

"Chuck Lee."

"Wow, are you related to...naw. Ok, dude, here is the plan."

Leonardo interrupted, "The plan is we will watch you for a short time. If it is a trap, then nothing will stop us from getting to you."

"Yeah." Raphael snarled.

"I assure you. I have dropped out of The Foot. And we can assume that Master," I shivered in saying that word, "Shredder will not allow it."

"Woah, dude. Why did you shiver?" Michaelangelo asked.

"Wll, I have become Christian and cannot bow down to anyone. The thought of him having mastery over me is something I am no proud of." _Thou shall not have any other gods before Me_. I could see the turtles were a bit uncomfortable. So I asked, "How are you going to watch me?"

Donatello spoke up, "We will atart tomorrow night. We'll escort you home tonight and then watch you for a week. You won't see or hear us."

"Thank you. I owe you a debt. If I can be of help, let me know." I flashed a fancy ninja bow.

"Let's see how good you really are," Raphael challenged.

Leonardo held up his three-fingered hand. "There'll be time enough for that later, maybe."

Raphael harumped and turned away.

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> <div class="center"><h1>3.

The beginning of the week was slow. By Wednesday I was getting nervous. I prayed, "Dear Lord, Thank you for sending your Son, Jesus Christ to die for my sins. Please help me to become as yo need me to be, but to be honest I don't know how to do that. I feel like I'm in the mob. I can't leave, yet I know people have. Please show me the way."

A turtle suddenly came through the window. I stood up, "Donatello, are you ok?"

"Yeah. They ambushed me and threw me through the window."

Alarmed, I looked out the window. "Are the rest of the turtles here or back at the lair?"

"They'll be here A.S.A.P."

Donatello pulled out his Bo as we were being surrounded. He yelled, "Back to back."

I had nunchucks and sais in my belt. I pulled the 'chucks out first. I had been taught long ago that swinging them tells your opponents to stay away. I didn't want to hit Donatello standing behind me.

The first person came at me with a punch. I knocked it away with the 'chucks in my right hand and used the left pair in an uppercut. The guy fell to the floor. "Anybody need a pair of used 'chucks?" I joked.

I turned to catch a glimpse of Donatello in my peripheral vision. He seemed to be doing fine.

The next two attacks came at me, I barely had time to react. I stuck each of them with a pair of chucks to their chins, reeling them backwards. I swung my arms down, nailing them in the groin.

I was grabbed from behind. I tried throwing my head back to hit him in the nose, but missed. I went for a stop of his foot, that missed too. Since my hands were at my sides, I dropped my 'chuckls and did an inner thigh pinch. That got him! He let go of me and I stepped out to do a straight back kick to his face.

By this time I noticed Leonardo, Michaelangelo and Raphael had joined. I pulled out my sais to catch a sword coming down at me. I lifted my left sai to catch the blade in the fork. I twisted my wrist, snapping the sword. I could imagine my ex-gang member looking shocked as I hit him with the handle of my right sai in his upper lip. He immediately brought his hands up to cover his masked face. "Bastard!"

"The only reaso you got hit is that you didn't block." I teased as I remembered my training.

I saw Donatello being grabbed from behind. I kicked the guy in the groin from behind, he fell to the ground.

A Bo appeared around my chin, pulling me backwards. I fell off balance, unable to counterattack. The next thing I saw was Raphael. "For helping Don."

Thanks, Raphael, I thought, thinking he wouldn't accept a thank you.

More minutes passed and finally we downed The Foot. We all were breathing heavily. I looked at them. "Thank you, all."

Leonardo panted, "It's not over, yet."

A wave of uneasiness swept over me, for I knew he was right. We had to take this to Shredder.

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> <div class="center"><h1>4.

The turtles would be back in an hour. I had some time to think. I chose to pray. "Dear Lord, I thank-you so much for sending your Son, Jesus Christ, that I may have eternal life.

"But Lord, I really need your guidance right now. I really can not do anything on my own.

"I thank-you for the turtles' help. I hope to know where I fit in with them, if at all."

I jumped a bit, startled, as I heard a small voice from inside me. "Fear not. All things work according to My plan. There are reasons that happen as they do. All things are working for my glory."

I felt an inner peace that I never felt before. I felt the power of God to do what needed to be done.

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> <div class="center"><h1>5.

"What 'cha doin', dude?" Michaelangelo asked, as he sat in the window.

I turned to face the turtles. "I was praying. So anyway, what's the plan?"

"Well, with your help we will infiltrate the Foot's base..."

"I still don't trust you." Raphael cut in.

"It's ok, Raphael. I would be in the same position if they were reversed." I answered him. "The only way to prove myself is by my actions. There is nothing more I can do, except say I quit the Foot."

Dontatello stepped toward me. "We all believe you. Raph just takes some time to adjust." I saw Raphael glare at Donatello.

"It's ok. I know this is hard."

Michaelangelo started, "If you were defecting, why not just show up at our sewer den?"

"And how would you have treated a complete stranger, showing up, with the story that he was quitting the Foot?"

"Hmmm. Good point."

"Besides, I didn't really have time to get help. It was a bit of suprise to have them come to me." I grinned. "It was also a suprise for me to meet you."

"Yeah, I'm sure the pleasure was all yours."

"Raph! Give the guy some slack!"

"It's ok, Leonardo. I can take it." With an evil gleam in my eye, "Besides, it'll make our sparring time after this all the more enjoyable."

"Why wait?" Raphael pushed.

"Raph, because we need him to infiltrate the Foot's base."

"I swear Leo...if this guy betrays us, I'm taking him out personally."

"Deal."

I was a bit uncomfortable, but then a wave of peace washed over me, knowing betrayal would never come.

" So when is the best time to attack?" Leonardo asked me.

"Well the Foot are always coming and going. They always got people stealing while others are sleeping. So our best bet would be going in the sleeping quarters. The problem...I don't know if Shredder has changed the shifts to keep me unsure if I tried to break in. He may have even beefed up security."

"Well," Donatello mused, "Let's assume Shredder has beefed up security, especially since he probably knows we are involved by now. The thing to worry about would be the shift change."

"He's never done a shift change at midnight," I offered.

"I don't like it. It's too early." Raphael continued to complain.

"But Raph, we don't want to be out when the sun comes up." Donatello reminded him.

"Well, it is 10 p.m. and we just survived an attack. We could go on from here." I offered. "Shredder might not expect us so soon."

Leonardo spoke up. "Ok then. Let's do it."

"One last thing, guys."

"Yeah, what's that?"

"I am afraid of Shredder using ninja mind tricks. I must defeat him alone."

Michaelangelo encouraged. "We'll help dude. No sweat. You're one of us."

I glanced at Raphael, unable to read him. "Thanks, Michaelangelo."

"Call me Mikey. All my friends do."

"Ok. But the challenge is, I'm sure, worse. Shredder will say things like 'Congratulations on a fine job' or 'our plan worked'."

"What if it's true?" Raphael stepped up. "How do we know you aren't the one setting us up?"

"There is nothing I can say or do, Raphael, until I defeat Shredder. All I can do is offer my life. If it is a trap, I will kneel on the ground before you and you may kill me any way you see fit."

"Good." Raphael crossed his arms.

"Lighten up, Raph. I don't think he would offer his life if it was a trap." Leonardo looked at him.

"We'll see."

"Please forgive, Raph." Donatello apologized.

"Yeah," Michaelangelo added. "Raph doesn't make friends easily."

I saw Raphael glare at Michaelangelo. "Guys, it's ok. Really." I continued, "I need some time to pray before we continue."

"Alright," said Leonardo. "We'll be in the nearest manhole."

I started to pray, "Dear Lord, I thank-you for your Son, Jesus Christ. I am honored to know him as my personal Lord and Saviour."

"I don't know what I am doing. I don't know what you want me to do. I seem to be heading on a collision course with Shredder. You know our hearts, Lord. I only want to do what I can for you. You know Shredder's heart."

"I know when you have been wronged we are to forgive, but you passionately hate evil. A person bent on evil will bring themselves to ruin."

Lord, I don't know what's going to happen tonight. I do know it will be Your will. You are an all-knowing God that sees all. While we look at the outside. You see our true motives."

A sense of peace came over me. I knew everything would be all right.

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> <div class="center"><h1>5.

I had joined up with the turtles again. I told them it felt strange to be going to my old base.

"Hey, Chuck," Michaelangelo waved a hand in front of my face.

"Huh? Oh, sorry, guess I was lost in thought. Just thinking about what were going to do."

"What's with all the weapons?" he asked.

I had katanas strapped to my back with 'Chucks at my side and a pair of sais in front. I also had a leather strap around my right leg full of knives. Plus, assorted shuriken hidden from view, while carrying a bo. "Ya know the Boy Scout Motto 'Be Prepared'" I grinned, "Besides, you guys might need more."

"We'll see who needs more." _Was Raphael lightening up?_

I motioned for the turtles to be quiet as we coming to the outer perimeter of the base. I went up to see if anyone was around the manhole. All clear.

We were outside the bunks. I cautiously opened a window. With one fluid motion we all easily slipped inside.

"The beds are empty, either attacking or defending or..."

The lights flashed on!

"Its a trap!" Raphael growled.

"Well done, my elite. You the brought the turtles to me." Shredder said menancingly.

"Shredder, this is between you and I. I challenge you to a duel." I said with confidence I hadn't felt in years, if ever.

"My, my, you seem to have grown a backbone...one that I will easily crush."

"Let's go to the training room, Shred head." _Shred head? Where did that come from?_

"Oh, feisty are you? I shall soon put you out of my misery. No one quits from ... The Shredder."

"Call me no one."

We were taken to the training room, guided by the Foot with katanas, spears and sharpened bos pointed at us. During this time I felt strangely calm. It was normal to feel worried, wasn't it?

Shredder and I squared off in the center of the room. I bowed to him and he laughed at me. "Are you reconsidering rejoining my elite?"

"No, just giving you honor when you have none."

Shredder became enraged. Just then a bright light lit the room. An Angel of the Lord appeared. "Oroku Saki. Now is the time of Judgement! You must pay for your actions!"

The only explanation I can come up with for Shredder attacking was that he didn't know what he was dealing with. Shredder swiped the apparition with his clawed hand and then vanished.

The Angel seemed to talk to talk to all of us at once. "Do not forget what you saw. The Lord will not be mocked. Judgement comes for

everyone. Love the Lord and do good or your fate will be Shredder's."

Epilogue

The Turtles and I walked out of the base unmolested. Everyone was quiet for a while, until Mikey spoke, "What happened?"

"The simple explanation is there is a God and He loves everyone."

>"Could you talk about it to us at the lair?"

"Sure, Donatello. No problem." I smiled. I felt that my and the turtles lives were entwined now and we would have many adventures together.

End
file.